

The Peach Boy

I bring my GI Orient and Paul, 4,
his dubbed cartoon of Saturday morn-
ing monsters in outer space yet
he hasn't much to lose as I

exclude Sigmund's and Karl's
inner space hardware store cause

the play opens with the father
discovering a great peach in a stream
and, once home, the old couple find
a baby inside, as samisens bridge my life

in sound to a small dim room of a
Tokyo club where a guy picks a tune from this
white baby grand and I'm in raw company

alone then, with my girl better and worse
I'm tearing at a steak and throwing back Nip-
pon beer. Cocksure, but she's hushing me now,
because the guy's a top composer The pale

lid floats on his smoky progressions
in my sliding mind the Peach Boy has grown
up, is searching the audience when from his

peach silk light widens over Paul
beautifully glow meets glow. Where's the
dragon? asks Paul just so we're all peach

children, grand babies born to save
the world, rope the ogres round,

as now the Peach Boy's finally up to
on stage the witch knifing in she's run through
for her trouble. It had to be
to move us past appetite:

a place

where a far dark house and tree
press the moon and clouds between.
Water spreads to us from there. In the muted
air and softlit spill
abide my selves still
with yours. We name all we see
and think eternally,

a lake

